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BIRD WARD S. S.



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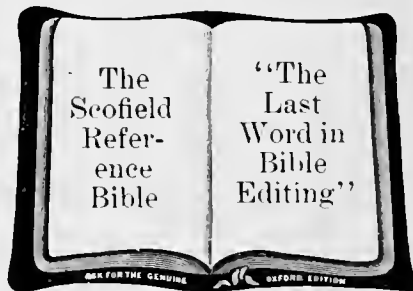
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HERE ONCE THE EMBATTLED FARMERS STOOD.

## The Story of the American Revolution.

*Adapted from Brooks' True Story of the United States.*

The colonists could take no backward step. There seemed to be no desire to do so. They were in earnest and they acted as if they were. The news of the fight at Concord and Lexington roused the patriots in other parts of the land. People began to talk of separation from England; they began to plan for independence.

Yet the leaders moved cautiously. They did not know their own strength; they only knew that the people seemed determined not to be bullied by England. So they summoned another Congress to determine on peace or war.

It would be an unequal contest. On one side was England with all the power and all the advantage of a trained and unconquered army; on the other was a handful of feeble settlements, without army, money, standing or preparation for war, strung along an undefended stretch of broken coast line, the deep sea to the east and to the west only the trackless forests and hordes of hostile Indians.

But men will dare to do much in defense of their rights. Lexington strengthened their arm. Following fast upon the battle of Lexington came the bold move by which on the tenth of May, 1775, Ethan Allen and his one hundred Green Mountain Boys captured the British post of Fort Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain, demanding the surrender of

the fortress "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress;" and from that day the war fever grew greatly.

Around the beleaguered British in Boston lay the patriot army, really without a leader, but determined to hold the regulars at bay or drive them into the sea. Reinforcements came to the army of the king and now, twelve thousand strong, its officers and sympathizers (called "Tories") declared that the rebels were but a pack of blusterers and would not fight.

Would they not? This question was speedily answered. On the morning of the seventeenth of June, 1775, the British generals finding that the "Yankee Doodles" were fortifying one of the Charlestown hills, sent three thousand red-coats across the Mystic with orders to drive off the rebels. They did, but at what a cost. Three times they charged up the hill to where Colonel Prescott and his thousand men awaited the attack. Twice they were sent reeling down the slope, baffled by the deadly fire of the Americans. With the third volley the ammunition of the Americans gave out, and the British troops finally carried the hill after a stubborn hand-to-hand fight. The Battle of Bunker Hill was won. But ten hundred and fifty-four in killed and wounded was the cost to the British of that doubtful victory, and it proved to all the

world that the Americans would fight. From that day the British troops never cared to storm a "rebel" earthwork.

All that the Americans now needed was a leader. And he was speedily forthcoming. The North had opened the Revolution; the South should give it a leader. On the very day of the Battle of Bunker Hill—the seventeenth of June, 1775—the Second Continental Congress, in session at Philadelphia, voted to raise and equip an army of twenty thousand men, and elected Colonel George Washington of Virginia as "generalissimo" or commanded-in-chief.

In all the land no better choice could have been found. George Washington had been trained from early youth to leadership and direction. He was as strong of character as he was noble of soul; he was patient, persistent, fair-minded, generous and brave; his strength of will was inspiring, his power of self-control remarkable, and he was absolutely truthful. He was a natural leader. As a boy he was captain of the company of small Virginians he drilled and marshaled. At sixteen he was a surveyor and "roughed it" in the Indian country; at twenty he was a major in the king's service; at twenty-five he was commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces. It was he who fired the first shot in the French wars of 1754, led the attack at Great Meadows, and by his valor, alone, saved the terrible defeat of the English General Braddock from becoming a massacre. He knew the weakness as well as the strength, the endurance as well as the independence of the colonial soldier, and no man was better suited to lead the troops of revolution to victory, to guide them in skillful retreat or to save them from the disgrace of surrender. Other gen-

erals in the Revolutionary army were as brave, others as self-sacrificing, others as skillful as he, but not one combined all the excellencies that go toward making a great soldier except George Washington. His record as a leader alike in victory and defeat, was such that students of the art of war accord to General Washington the rank of a "great commander."

On the third of July, 1775, Washington assumed command of the American army drawn up to receive him on the Commons of Cambridge, and his headquarters were in the old Craige House, still standing, and equally cherished by all Americans as the military home of Washington the soldier, and the peaceful home of Longfellow the poet. He declined to receive any pay for his services, went at once to work to organize his army of fourteen thousand undisciplined militia men and kept General Gage and his red-coats so tightly locked up in Boston town, that they were at last forced to run away from the city by sea. This they did on the seventeenth of March, 1776. Washington and the victorious Continental troops marched into the city and Boston's long slavery was over.

On the first of January, 1776, the new flag of the Revolution was raised over the American camp on Prospect Hill; and on the fourth of July, 1776, the Continental Congress assembled in Independence Hall in the City of Philadelphia declared the thirteen United Colonies to be "free and independent States"—that they were "absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved." This was the immortal "Declaration of Independence," and ever since that memorable act the fourth of

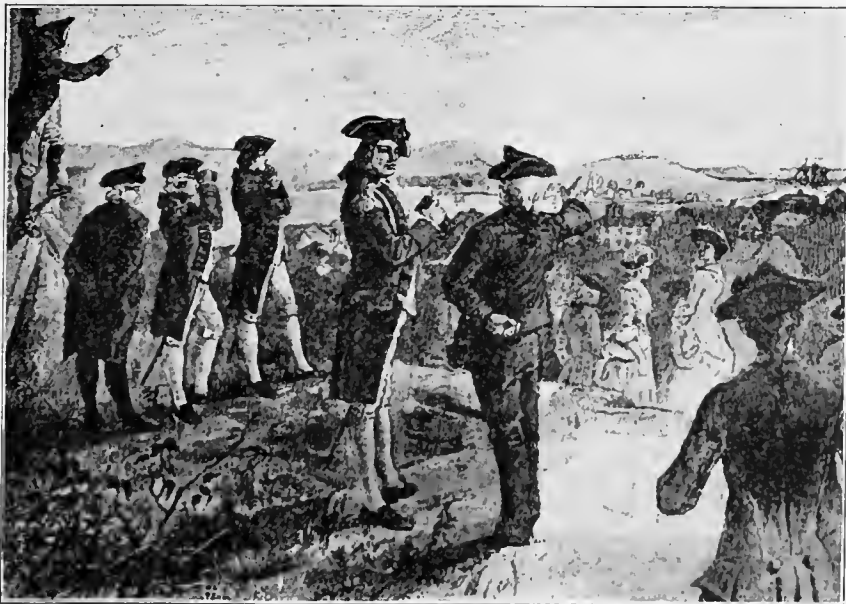


July has been celebrated as the birthday of the United States of America.

But to declare a thing is not always to do it. The Declaration was but the first step toward independence. Much was to be attempted, much suffered, much lost and won before the United States was really free and independent. For nearly seven years, from the nineteenth of April, 1775, to the nineteenth of October, 1781—from the first blood at Lexington to the last blood at Yorktown—did the unequal conflict rage before the King of England, his counselors and his people would acknowledge themselves beaten by the spirit of liberty that had grown up across the sea. Then at last they reluctantly gave in. A treaty of peace with the new "nation" was signed at Paris on the third of September, 1783, and on the twenty-fifth of November following, the

British soldiers evacuated the city of New York and Liberty triumphed.

It had been a stubborn fight between determined men. When once the war was really entered upon and the evacuation of Boston showed the King of England and his advisers that it was to be fought in earnest, the British leaders sought by every means to secure success. They sent large armies to America, swelling their ranks by hiring for money thousands of European troops called Hessians; they tried in every way to frighten and overawe the steadfast "rebels" and gave honors and reward to those Americans who remained loyal to the king and who were called "Tories." They sought to occupy the chief centers of population north and south and to achieve the conquest of the country from these points. But all to no purpose. With



THE AMERICANS ARE FORTIFYING BUNKER HILL.

a smaller number of troops, poorly armed, poorly fed and scantily clothed, and with all the chances of war against him, General Washington so planned and fought that, inch by inch, he won the disputed territory from the over-confident red-coats, and brought victory at last to the Continental forces.

After its beginning at Boston, the Revolutionary War may be divided into three periods of fighting; the struggle for the Hudson, the struggle for the Delaware and the struggle for the Carolinas.

Defeated at the Battle of Long Island, Washington retreated through New Jersey and won the Battle of Trenton; defeated at Germantown he retreated into the gloom of that sorry winter of Valley Forge, coming out in the spring to fight and win the Battle of Monmouth. He drove the British from Boston; he forced them from Philadelphia; his planning relieved Charleston and the Carolinas, and finally brought about the British surrender at Yorktown. It was Washington's persistent refusal to stay beaten but to come up again and again to what seemed a useless fight that drew to his side the gallant young Frenchman, the Marquis de Lafayette, and won for the new United States the alliance and aid of France. On the thirteenth of January, 1778, a treaty of alliance with France was signed, and from that date the success of the revolt was never doubtful.

The dark days of the war were the defeats at Québec, where the gallant Montgomery was slain while storming the British citadel; at Long Island and White Plains, where the raw troops of Washington were no match for the British regulars; at Brandywine and Germantown, which lost Philadelphia to the Americans; and at Charleston

and Camden, which for a time "wiped out" the southern army of the patriots. Darker still were the dreary days at Valley Forge, when all seemed lost indeed; the hateful treason of Benedict Arnold, one of Washington's trusted generals, and the days, when by the selfish combination of enemies in the army and in the Congress (in what is known as "the Conway Cabal"), General Washington was very nearly forced from his position as commander of the American army.

But the bright days are what we most thankfully remember; they were what gave strength to American endeavor and made for the cause of liberty friends across the sea. As Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill are names to be forever cherished, so, too, are the names of Trenton where through icy perils, the patriots pushed on to victory; of Princeton, which saved New Jersey; of Saratoga which saw the surrender of the pompous and boastful British General Burgoyne, who had declared that with ten thousand men he would "promenade through America;" of Stony Point where, borne on the shoulders of his men, the wounded leader, dear to all Americans as "Mad Anthony Wayne," charged into the British fort and won it at the point of the bayonet; of Fort Sullivan, in Charleston Harbor, where the brave General Moultrie "held the fort," and Sergeant Jasper, in the face of the enemy, rescued the fallen flag and hoisted it again over the battered ramparts; and last of all, of Yorktown, where, on the nineteenth of October, 1781, Cornwallis and the British army surrendered as prisoners of war to Washington the American, and the Frenchman Rochambeau.

And in this record of the fight for liberty we must not forget the

struggle on the sea. The American colonies had no navy, but they had many plucky sailors and men who loved salt water. Early in the struggle, privateers were sent out—that is, small vessels fitted out by private persons but authorized by the Congress to annoy and capture the British ships and supplies. Soon the privateers were followed by men of war and the names of Captains Biddle and Manly, Mugford and Reed, Weeks and Conyngham and Whipple are worthy to stand in memory beside the heroes of Lexington and Bunker Hill, of Stony Point and Valley Forge. But, chief of all the Revolutionary sea-fighters, is John Paul Jones, the captain of *The Bonhomme Richard* and conqueror of the British man-of-war *Serapis*. Lashed together, the two ships waged a fearful struggle for hours; when the British captain thought the “Yankee pirate” was conquered he shouted across to him:

“The *Richard* ahoy! Have you struck your colors?” and back came the valiant answer of the plucky “Yankee pirate,” “I have not yet begun to fight.” Then he really did begin and did not stop until the *Serapis* struck her colors.

The American Revolution was a stubborn and gallant fight against tyranny; it was the answer of those who would be free men to those who sought to keep them slaves. From it we may all, young and old alike, learn why we should persevere if we feel that we are right, even when the times seem darkest and things are going wrong and, more than all, by it we are taught that whatever is worth having is worth striving for. Liberty could not have come to America without the struggle and blood of our forefathers; and their endeavors and their sacrifices preached the noblest of sermons and showed to a watching world the real worth of liberty.

## Flag Song.

*By Elcanor Smith.*

Some flags are red, or white, or green,  
And some are yellow, too,  
But the dear, dear flag that we love best,  
Is red, and white, and blue.  
Then hail the flag, the bonny flag, of red, and white, and blue.

We love our native country's flag,  
To it our hearts are true,  
Above us wave in splendid folds,  
The red, and white, and blue.  
Then hail the flag, the bonny flag, of red, and white and blue.  
*From Part II, "Songs for Little Children."*

# My Wretched Temper.

By Doris.

You see, it was like this: I had the most abominable temper in the world. Mother said it was because I had such curly, dark hair, but I never understood how that could be, for Aggie Smith had a dreadful temper, and her mother said it was because she had such fiery red hair. Then there was Maggie Jones, whose hair was so straight that it took three girls and seven newspapers every day to produce the faintest kink. And when Maggie was angry a dead calm pervaded the entire vicinity. Even the proud little rooster on the back fence forgot to crow. Last of all, there was my brother Val. His hair was darker than mine, but he was never the least bit ruffled. So I believe that the color and curl of your hair have not much to do with your temper, after all.

But to go back, it happened this way: Mrs. Atwood gave a dinner in honor of the new minister. No children, except Val and me, were invited. Mrs. Atwood was fond of Val, he was "such a little gentleman." She was not fond of me, but as Val and I were always together, she asked me, too.

At first all went well. Val and I sat in a corner by ourselves discussing everything and everybody in the room. One man especially amused us, not because there was anything particularly wrong about his make-up, but because, like the minister, he was new. Anything new in Maywood always attracted considerable attention. He was tall and gaunt, with a massive head covered by shaggy, gray hair that hung perfectly even to his neck. I think that, instead of going to the barber, he must have covered his head with

a bowl and then trimmed his hair along the curved edges. His face was smooth and he had a great, hooked nose and a large mouth. His eyes were peculiar. One was small and sleepy-looking, with a drooping lid. The other was larger and brighter, but seemed perfectly immovable. It stared straight ahead with such an air of stern command that I could stand the suspense no longer. Pretending to examine the articles in the room, I carelessly drew near the old man and scrutinized that eye at leisure. It was glass.

I went back to Val full of information, and we looked at the unconscious individual opposite with still deeper interest. He was sitting with his knees turned in and his heels turned out at an angle of one hundred and eight degrees, in other words, he was sitting "pigeon toed."

"Gaze on those Trilby feet," whispered Val.

I giggled.

"And that eye!" he continued. "That man is a scholar and a wit. I can see the *pupil* and the *humor* in that eye."

There was nothing very bright about that remark, but it had the desired effect. I giggled again.

Then we went in to dinner. Mrs. Atwood asked the minister to say grace.

He closed his eyes and preached a five-minute discourse, followed by a three minute exhortation, and closed with a two-minute entreaty. In the middle of the discourse, Val kicked my foot. I looked up. Everybody held his eyes closed religiously except 'Monsieur Pigeon-toe,' as Val had called him. One of his eyes was

shut, the other was fastened longingly on a mold of delicious jelly.

"He is hypnotizing it," Val whispered again.

It was wrong, very wrong, but those Trilby feet loomed up as plain as if they were not hidden by the table, and I began to laugh quietly but convulsively.

The minister was nearing the entreaty. Oh, if I could only keep that laugh in for another minute! But alas! when my merriment becomes uncontrollable, three distinct shudders pass over me, accompanied by three distinct gasps and a snort that would rouse the seven sleepers. And now my agony was intense, for the first shudder came. Next came the words, "And take away our lightness of mind—," then came shudder number three and the snort! Laughing and crying together, I pushed back my chair and ran out of the room and towards home.

How ashamed I felt! How I hated to go downstairs the next morning! I knew Val would tease me unmercifully. I would stay in my room all day. No, that would be cowardly. Besides, I would have to go down sometime. Well, if Val said a word to me—I clenched my hands and stamped my foot.

When I went to breakfast Val looked quiet and unconcerned. I began to feel a little more at ease, and decided that grief had not entirely taken away my appetite. I was calmly helping myself to a muffin when the table moved mysteriously. Looking up, I caught Val's eye. He jerked himself three times, gave three gasps, and deliberately snorted. A thousand lightnings flashed from my eyes. He threw his arms about me and, in spite of my struggles, galloped me up and down the room, singing at the top of his voice:

"Once there was a little girl,  
And her hair was full of curl,  
And, about the hour of nine,  
She invited was to dine——"

"Let me go, let me go," I shrieked  
"Why, don't you like my poetry?  
I stayed awake all night to compose it.

"The new minister was there,  
And you should have seen him stare,  
When she jerked and when she wiggled,  
When she snorted and she giggled,  
When she ran——"

"Let me go! Oh, I hate you, Val!" Wrenching myself free, I turned on him like a wild cat.

"Why, whoever would have thought she would get so angry simply because she laughed while the parson was praying," he went on, mockingly. "Whoever would have thought that simply because she aroused the whole neighborhood——"

Wild with fury, I seized a knife from the table and threw it with all my might. It struck him on the forehead. In a moment his face was covered with blood and I was wiping it away with my handkerchief and sobbing, "Oh, forgive me, forgive me, Val!" And an hour after, when he was sitting with his head bandaged up, I said, "It was my horrid temper. I never will get angry again, never!"

For three weeks I was a model of gentleness. The chickens scratched up my pansies, the children carried away my shells, the maid broke a highly prized ornament without one word of anger from me. I had completely conquered my temper and I was happy.

One day an invitation to dinner came to mother. Val looked up and said, dryly:

"You had better take Al with

you. She would just keep the company in a roar. Now, at Mrs. Atwood's—"

My face flushed and my fingers clenched and the old fierce light came into my eyes. But the strip of court plaster on Val's forehead checked the impassioned words. I sat down humbled.

"Val," I said, "it isn't right for

you to plague me so when you know how hard I'm trying to be better."

Val sat silent for a moment, then he said:

"You're right, Al, and I'll stop it!"

And so I am still trying hard, but it is much easier now, for Val helps me all he can.

## TELL, AND DON'T TELL.

By L. L. Greene Richards.

Grandpa's whiskers are so lovely,  
 White and shiny like the snow;  
 And his words of cheer and blessing,  
 Make us happy—Tell him so!  
 If his teeth go click, click, clatter  
 When he's chewing—never mind!  
 He can't help his poor jaws shrinking,  
 And to name it is unkind.

Grandma's face is like the baby's  
 Tender, soft and sweet to kiss;  
 And her looks, so full of comfort,  
 Make us love her—tell her this!  
 If her form, once plump and graceful  
 Is so changed and feeble now,  
 She forgets, perhaps, I hope so—  
 Don't remind her, anyhow!

When the little child, unthinking,  
 Fails to answer as she should,  
 Or is slow to heed your promptings—  
 Please don't say "he is not good!"  
 Mention when he was so helpful,  
 How politely he replied—  
 He will be so bright and ready,  
 You'll forget the other side.

# How Enoch Preached About the Coming of Jesus.

*By O. J. P. W.*

In an ancient broad valley in the land of Eden, there stood a solitary hill, which we may call the Hill of the Seer. I rather think that you have never seen a hill just like the Hill of the Seer. Its sides rose gently from the valley floor and neared the top by easy grade. On every side the gentle slope was covered with a luxuriant growth of flowers, and grasses, and small brush. Only on the summit of the hill did broad, sheltering trees grow above the low-lying shrubs. There, too, amid the shadow of the trees, appeared a huge block of weather-beaten granite forming the crest, or summit of the hill. And this granite block had been carved by wind and rain into a kind of natural pulpit, from which might be clearly seen, not only the sloping sides of the hill below, but the whole great valley—fair and level, with towering mountain walls—as it stretched to the east and the west and far away toward the south.

One day when Adam had lived nine hundred years or more upon the earth, the broad valley in which stood the Hill of the Seer was thickly dotted with the tents of men. The white walls glared in the light of the morning sun. The dark forms of men and beasts moved in and out among the tents. The morning meal was over, and there was begun the bustle and excitement of preparation for departure.

"Tarry ye here," said the masters of the tents to their servants, "and keep the tents, while we go yonder to behold the seer, for he prophesieth, and there is a strange thing in the land; a wild man hath come among us."

Soon a great multitude of men

left their tents, directing their course toward the Hill of the Seer. As they went, they conversed one with another.

"Tell me plainly," said one, "who is this man, and whence does he come?"

"He comes from the land of Cainan," answered another, "a land of righteousness unto this day. Now he goes throughout the land, standing upon the hills and the high places, crying unto all men to repent?"

"And what right has he," demanded a third, angrily, "to testify against my works and call upon me to repent?"

"Why, hear now," answered one who had heard the prophet speak before, "a strange thing happened to him while he journeyed in the land among the people. The Spirit of God descended out of heaven and abode on him. And he heard a voice from heaven saying, 'Enoch, my son, prophesy unto this people and say unto them, Repent, for thus saith the Lord: I am angry with this people, and my fierce anger is kindled against them; for their hearts have waxed hard, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes cannot see afar off.' And Enoch did as the Lord commanded him. He was permitted, too, to see in vision the spirits that God had created, and to behold things that are not visible to the natural eye. Therefore has the saying come among us, 'A seer hath the Lord raised up unto his people.'"

Thus the men spoke one with another till they reached the Hill of the Seer, and began its gentle ascent. Little by little the crowd swelled and grew larger. The east-

ern and western and southern slopes of the hill became covered with interested human beings. Even the level floor of the valley was thronged about the foot of the hill, so numerous was the multitude.

Then when the throng was assembled the prophet appeared in the natural rough-hewn pulpit. At sight of him the great crowd grew still. The power of his mere presence, as he stood before them, seemed to overawe them. Yet, he was in appearance no more than a simple man. His hair and beard were long; his mantle and nether garments were of skin and hung but loosely on his gaunt body; his arms and hands were long and bony. But there flowed from him a virtue and strength that could be almost seen, and his eyes shone with a strangely brilliant lustre. When he spoke, his voice trembled with such earnest power, that fear came upon all those that heard him. There were many there whom the prophet's call to repentance stirred to anger; but no man dared lay hands on him to do him violence. This was the Prophet Enoch, who walked and talked with God.

"Choose ye this day," he cried, as he faced the great multitude before him, "to serve the Lord God who made you. The Lord God, who spake unto me as I came from the land of Cainan, the same is the God of heaven, and He is my God, and your God, and ye are my brethren, and why counsel ye yourselves, and deny the God of heaven? The heavens He made; the earth is His footstool; and the foundation thereof is His. Behold, He laid it, an host of men hath he brought in upon the face thereof. And death hath come upon our fathers; nevertheless we know them, and cannot deny, and even the first of all we know, even Adam. For a book of

remembrance we have written among us, according to the pattern given by the finger of God; and it is given in our own language.

"Because Adam fell, we are; and by his fall came death; and we are made partakers of misery and woe. Satan, too, hath come among the children of men, and tempteth them to worship him; and men have become evil and are shut out from the presence of God. But God hath made known unto our fathers that all men must repent. He called upon our father Adam by his own voice, saying, 'I am God; I made the world, and men before they were in the flesh. If thou wilt turn unto me, and hearken unto my voice and believe, and repent of all thy transgressions, and be baptized even in water, in the name of mine Only Begotten Son, who is full of grace and truth—which is Jesus Christ, the only name which shall be given under heaven, whereby salvation shall come unto the children of men—ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, asking all things in His name, and whatsoever ye shall ask, it shall be given you.'

"Wherefore," continued Enoch, in ringing tones, "teach it unto your children, that all men, everywhere, must repent, or they can in no wise inherit the kingdom of God, for no unclean thing can dwell there, or dwell in His presence; for, in the language of Adam, Man of Holiness is His name, and the name of the Only Begotten is the Son of Man, even Jesus Christ, a righteous Judge, who shall come in the meridian of time. For behold, I say unto you, this is the plan of salvation unto all men, through the blood of the Only Begotten, who shall come."

So spake the inspired prophet; and as he paused in his discourse, the multitude of people turned one to another fearfully. Never be-



## HOW ENOCH PREACHED ABOUT THE COMING OF JESUS.

fore had they been so sharply accused of wrong as by this man. And this doctrine that he preached—it was strange to them. "Why is it that men must repent and be baptized in water?" they asked the one of the other, "and who is the Only Begotten Son that shall come?" And while they wondered with fearful hearts, the prophet began again to address them.

"As I was journeying and stood upon the place Mahujah," he said, "and cried unto the Lord, there came a voice out of heaven saying, 'Turn ye, and get ye upon the mount Simeon.' So I turned and went up on the mount; and as I stood upon the mount, I beheld the heavens open, and I was clothed upon with glory; and I saw the Lord; and he stood before my face, and he talked with me, even as a man talketh one with another, face to face; and he said unto me, 'Look, and I will show unto thee the world for the space of many generations.'

"And, behold, I looked," said Enoch, earnestly as his sparkling eyes shone with a strange, unearthly light, "and I saw all the inhabitants of the earth—even all the children of Adam—from generation to generation, till the coming of the Son of Man. And I saw that the power of Satan was upon all the face of the earth. I beheld Satan; he had a great chain in his hand, and it veiled the whole face of the earth in darkness; he looked up and laughed, and his angels rejoiced. I heard a loud voice, too, from heaven saying, 'Wo, wo, be unto the inhabitants of the earth.'"

Enoch paused, fairly overcome by the awful picture he had seen in vision. The crowd before him, too, was overcome by his earnest, piercing words. They neither spoke nor moved; they scarcely breathed, but fixed their dread-filled eyes upon the

inspired prophet as he continued the recital of his vision.

"I beheld angels descending out of heaven," Enoch went on, "bearing testimony of the Father and the Son; and the Holy Ghost fell on many, and they were caught up into heaven. But the God of heaven looked upon the rest of the people, and He wept. I cried unto Him and asked, How is it that the heavens weep, and shed forth their tears as the rains upon the mountains? How is it that thou canst weep, seeing Thou art holy, and from all eternity to all eternity?"

"Then the Lord answered me thus: 'Behold these thy brethren: they are the workmanship of mine own hands. I gave unto them their knowledge in the day I created them; in the Garden of Eden I gave unto man his agency. I have given commandment that they should love one another, and that they should worship me, their Father. But, behold, they are without affection and they hate their own blood. The fire of mine indignation is kindled against them. My great displeasure will I send in a flood upon them, for my fierce anger is kindled against them. Behold, these whom thine eyes are upon shall perish in the flood; I will shut them up; a prison have I prepared for them. A prophet will I raise up, even Noah, and he and his family alone shall be saved. The rest will I destroy in the flood. For this do the heavens weep.

"So said the Lord God unto me," continued Enoch, "and surely it will come to pass as the Lord has said. But He whom the Lord God hath chosen hath pleaded before his face. Therefore, he shall suffer for their sins. If they will repent and confess His name, they shall be released from torment when the Chosen One shall return to the Father?"

Again the multitude looked questioningly from one to the other, for they knew not what the prophet meant. "Tell us plainly," they cried, "what thou dost mean by the Chosen One's suffering for our sins."

Then Enoch explained to them what he had seen in vision concerning the coming of the Son of Man.

"The Son of Man," he said, "shall come in the meridian of time to redeem mankind from the sin of Adam. Blessed is he through whose seed Messiah shall come; for he saith, 'I am Messiah, the King of Zion, the Rock of Heaven, which is broad as eternity; whoso cometh in at the gate and climbeth up by me shall never fall.'

"Now, behold, I saw the day of the coming of the Son of Man," said Enoch, "and my soul rejoiced. I cried unto the Lord, saying, When the Son of Man cometh, shall the earth rest from sin? I pray Thee, show me these things. And the Lord said unto me, 'Look.' I looked—and I beheld the Son of Man lifted upon the cross. The heavens were veiled; all the creations of God mourned; the earth groaned; and the rocks were rent; and the Saints arose and were crowned at the right hand of the Son of Man, with crowns of glory; the spirits that were in prison came forth and stood at the right hand of God; and the rest were reserved in chains of darkness until the judgment of the great day. Thus even the Only Begotten Son of the Father was slain, and the earth had no rest yet from sin.

"Then I wept," said Enoch, simply, "and cried unto the Lord again, saying, When shall the earth have rest? I beheld then the Son of Man ascend up unto the Father. I called unto the Lord, saying, Wilt Thou not come again unto the earth? And

the Lord said unto me, 'As I live, even so will I come in the last days, in the days of wickedness and vengeance. The day shall come when the earth shall rest, but before that day the heavens shall be darkened, and a veil of darkness shall cover the earth; and the heavens shall shake, and also the earth; and great tribulations shall be among the children of men. Righteousness will I send down out of heaven, and truth will I send forth out of the earth, to bear testimony of Mine Only Begotten; and righteousness and truth will I cause to sweep the earth as with a flood, to gather out mine elect from the four quarters of the earth, unto a place which I shall prepare, an Holy City, that my people may gird up their loins, and be looking forth for the time of my coming; for there shall be my tabernacle, and it shall be called Zion, a New Jerusalem. Then shall I come again upon the earth.'

With these last words Enoch turned, and disappeared from the wondering multitude upon the hill. Not long thereafter Enoch and those who worshiped with him in the city of Zion, were taken up unto the Lord, and were seen no more upon the earth. The greater part of the people, however, remained on the earth and continued in their sins. But they could never forget the preaching of Enoch, nor his remarkable vision of the life and sacrifice of the Son of God. In due time Noah came as Enoch had foretold. He, too, warned the people to repent. But the people had learned to thing the Savior's coming was a long way off. And so, even while they knew in their hearts that the holy Jesus who was to come was the only hope of the world's salvation, yet they denied Him. The floods came and destroyed them.

## Tom's Party.

F. W. Pease. (Adapted.)

Bright-faced little Tom, with his curly hair cropped so short that it looked like fine bristles bent and twisted all awry, was in a high state of excitement. Was this din to be kept up until the bell ending the recess should summon them all to their seats in the school-room? How many times must his cry of, "I say, boys!" be lost in this uproar, caused by a half dozen youngsters talking all at once.

That the noise was greater than usual must not be charged to Tom's imagination, for Miss Emerson, the young guide and instructor of those animated lads, just then walked over by the window to suggest a toning down of the high-pitched voices. Tom's anxious, expectant face at once drew her attention.

"I say, boys, guess what kind of a party I'm going to have next Saturday?" said Tom.

A party so near at hand as the coming holiday was surely worth heeding.

"A dancing party," guessed Jack Newton.

"Not much!" came decidedly. "Oceans better than that."

"A birthday party," was Frank Halsey's venture.

"No indeed; I'm not such a stupid as to have a birthday party in April, when my birthday's in October."

"Tell us the first two letters!" called out Morton Ames, anxious to push matters.

"Shall I though? You'd know right away if I did that."

"What's the harm if we do?" put in Fred Benson. "The bell will ring in a minute."

"Well, it begins with *sh*," reluctantly admitted Tom, sure he was

putting a period to the guessing. "That's really telling you."

On went the thinking caps and then began the lively guessing.

"A *shadow* party," cried Frank, "where you make shadows on a curtain."

"A *shoe* party, where everybody must wear new shoes," laughed Jack.

"No!" contemptuously, for not even the delight of prolonging his important position could smother Tom's disgust for boys who hesitated over a word which he had almost told them.

"A '*shinny*' party" called out Ned Mann, quite sure he had the mark.

Tom shook his head.

"A *shooting* party," suggested Frank, happy in the possession of a new Indian bow and arrow.

"Better guess again," came promptly.

"I hope it isn't a *sham* party," called down Miss Emerson.

The faces quickly up-turned, smiled brightly back at the speaker, now seen for the first time, while Tom answered. "Oh, no, Miss Emerson, it's really true party, and papa is going to bring my cousins out from the city. I've almost told the boys what it is. You know, don't you?" he ended, with a confidential nod.

"It might be *short*," was the pleasant response, "or I suppose it might be *shady*, and you know, Tom, it might be a very *shallow* party," taking care to keep within the comprehension of his nine years.

Tom laughed good-humoredly.

"I s'pose you know, Miss Emerson, 'only you always want us to see everything for ourselves.'"

Miss Emerson's boys were the joy of her life, a part of her, in fact. Two years before this, Mr. Benson, the father of Fred, had taken upon himself the responsibility of selecting a teacher for his own and six other wide-awake boys, and opened a school to be conducted upon a theory of his own.

"You see they are to be young explorers, learning the greater part of their lessons out of Nature's own book," he had explained. "Why should we trouble ourselves to go in and out of the city every day, spending a twelfth of our time on the railway, if our boys are not to derive some especial advantage from it? And how can they have the benefit of this glorious country air in a better way than by roaming about with some one who will turn their minds into the right channels? Here are rocks, insects, birds and plant-life, right at our feet. The only way to keep the wrong out of a wide-awake boy's mind is to put plenty of the right into it.

"Won't you try once more, Miss Emerson? I don't care if you do tell them now," never doubting her wisdom was quite equal to the occasion.

"Is it to be a *shocking* party, Tom?" she asked demurely, beginning herself to wonder what it would prove.

The boy laughed merrily, while Miss Emerson suggestively held up her little bell.

"Oh, give us a rest, Tom," broke in Jack. "Can't you see Miss Emerson is going to ring the bell?"

"Well," began Tom, making a tantalizing pause. How Miss Emerson wished she had her camera, that she might catch the beaming, harmlessly exultant expression.

Excitement waxed warm, and Tom grew jubilant as he glanced

around at the eager faces awaiting his important disclosure. "Well," he repeated with a quick, keen glance at Miss Emerson, "it's a *sugar* party, maple sugar, where you wax"—

Oh, the shout that went up, reiterated and prolonged as only boys can.

Poor, mystified Tom! What did it mean? And why did Miss Emerson—Miss Emerson—whose ready sympathy he had seen always fly to the weaker side—look so amused?

A moment later all was made clear to the bewildered boy by a long-to-be-remembered exclamation, coming in Jack's clearest tones, "Oh, he spells sugar with an *h*!"

Poor, crestfallen Tom! There was a suggestive quiver of the lips as the lad again looked up at Miss Emerson.

"Never mind, Tom," she said kindly. "It isn't any worse to mis-spell *sugar* than *chrysalis* which we know a certain boy tripped on this morning. The difference is, you put an *h* in and he left one out. Only it was a little funny, my dear, when we had all been guessing so long, and you must forgive us for laughing."

"I know now how it's spelled," Tom said, pleasantly, adding, as Miss Emerson came with her little bell to meet them at the door, "I'll never forget that *h* again."

"And I'll not forget to put the *h* you leave out of your sugar into my *chrysalis*," Jack said in a manly tone.

"That's the way for us to help one another, boys," and holding out a hand to each of the two, Miss Emerson added in a lower tone, "We must try always to remember those glass houses which we talked about one day."

## Tales of Our Grandfathers.

### THE WILD RAM OF THE MOUNTAINS.

#### *Scene Five.*

#### "THE TENTED FIELD."

"Oh! How you frightened me, Lyman!"

He had raised the side of the tent, crawled noiselessly under it, and was standing above the bed, his eyes drinking in the pale face that lay on the pillow.

"I didn't know what else to do," he apologized. "I hated to call out." And he kissed his wife tenderly.

"Yes," she acquiesced; "if you had called to me, I should have been worse scared. I shouldn't have known but you were a ghost!"

Her face was flushed now. The hand she had given him trembled. She breathed heavily. Lyman pressed his palm to her brow.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "you've got a fever!"

"I'm better now," she replied. "Your coming was so sudden. I was dreaming about you. I dreamt that I saw some men hunting for you on horse-back. They caught you, I thought, shot you six times, and threw your body down a precipice. Just then I awoke and saw you standing here. Did I scream!"

"No. How are the children?"

And he bent down and kissed them, one at his wife's side, another at her feet.

"You'd better kiss baby, too," she said.

"I did."

"The new one, I mean."

"Great God!" he cried, like a man unexpectedly struck a heavy blow. "How in the name of heaven did you ever live through it all?"

"I had to," she answered simply. "What would become of little Mary and Ben, if I should die and you away like that? The Lord has been very gracious to us!"

Lyman had no words to express his feelings for this amazing heroism and grit. He sat down on the ground by the bed and looked curiously about him. The dim candle-light revealed but too clearly the situation. Some green pieces of timber had been hurriedly put up in the form of a tent, and over this rude framework had been thrown some old bedding, with some worn-out garments. The furnishings of this improvised apartment were even ruder and scantier. The couch on which Mrs. Wight lay was merely a few quilts and blankets thrown down on the ground. The only other article in the place was a small cracker-box on which, deep-embedded in dip, was a tallow candle half gone, the flame swaying in the night breeze which came freely through the numerous openings in the tent.

"If I had known this," he said with emphasis, "I would have defied all the devils in hell, and got here!"

And she knew he would.

"Tell me what happened to you, Lyman. I never expected to see you again, and here you are by my side."

She caressed the rough hand she held in hers. Now she would have a strong arm to lean upon once more. Tears filled her eyes.

Wight told her all that he had passed through; and when he had ended, his eyes scanned again the primitive housing.

"Who built this for you?" he asked.

"Brother Bigler put up the frame, and I did the rest. Don't you think it's pretty good for a beginner?"

He smiled.

"It was raining hard all the time," she went on. "Every rag on us was wet through, of course, and we had no dry ones to put on. That night baby was born."

The thought was overwhelming!

"Surely, you weren't alone *then*?" he inquired.

"No; Sister Bigler came over and stayed with me. But the Biglers are just as badly off as we are. The next day—that was yesterday—Brother Bigler went over the river to see if he couldn't get some things out of their house, and he hasn't been seen since. The report came last night that the mob had caught him and beaten him insensible over the head with a chair that he was bringing out at the door. Brother Pratt had a narrow escape when he tried to get some of his things. Oh, Lyman," she ended, "we've had an awful time of it since you left!"

"The fiends!" he almost yelled. For Lyman Wight was not one of your saints who gloried in persecution and sighed for martyrdom. He was a mortal—in some things, indeed, very mortal. He might, it is true, have turned "the other cheek" to the smiter; but, if so, it would have been to beat him to a mummy for smiting. Wight was a good man, but he did not think it necessary to be flogged for being good. Anyway, if he *had* to be flogged, it would be because he was not strong enough to retaliate.

"And have all our people been driven from Jackson county?" he asked.

"Every one, so far as I know.

The day before the expulsion, Boggs came to Bishop Partridge, at one o'clock in the morning, and told him if he valued his life, he had better flee immediately, for every man, woman, and child in Jackson county would be killed."

"You mean the lieutenant-governor of the State did this?" Lyman interjected.

"I mean the lieutenant-governor Lilburn W. Boggs!" repeated Mrs. Wight emphatically. "He went also, in person, to warn Brother Phelps and Brother Gilbert."

"It would become his high office better," said Lyman, "if he had spent his time in turning the mob from their barbarous work, or rather," he corrected, "in not setting them on in the first place. I know him from of old. He's a scoundrel!"

"Well, anyhow he went. And what he said would have happened if the people hadn't left. On the 'bloody day,' as they called it, the mob came riding pell-mell, helter-skelter into Independence, and the Big Blue almost at the same time, crying out that they were going to kil all the Mormons in the county. They ran into the houses and drove out the families and chased the men."

"Didn't our men do anything to protect themselves?" asked Wight. "They certainly didn't stand by and see their wives and children driven?"

"What could they do?" asked Mrs. Wight, in answer. "All our arms were taken away from us, you know, when you went up against Pitcher."

"That's so," assented Lyman. "And so our people were helpless?"

"Yes, and the mob made the most of it. You never saw such a thing in your life, Lyman. Wom-

en and children crying and screaming as they ran. The mob were after the men mostly. They caught them whenever they could and beat them unmercifully. The rest of us fled in every direction."

Lyman told her of the band of between one hundred and fifty, and two hundred persons, all women and children, except three old men, that he had seen nearly thirty miles away.

"I don't know how we managed it," she continued, "but most of us found our way to the river bank, where the mob herded us, refusing to let us go either up or down the stream. The few men that were with us ferried us over. Very few had been able to bring anything with them, and so we were in a sorry plight."

"Was anybody killed?"

"Not that I heard of. The mob, though, was very cruel. You know old Brother Jones?" Mrs. Wight suddenly asked.

"Yes."

"Well, he and Father Weldon said they wouldn't run from the mob. 'The mob won't hurt us,' Brother Jones said, 'we've both been in the Revolution, and I was one of General Washington's body guard!'"

"And *did* the mob hurt these old soldiers?" asked Lyman impatiently.

"They didn't care any more for General Washington's soldiers than for anybody else," was the reply. "As soon as the mob heard of these old men, they made a rush for their houses, broke the windows, tore down the doors, hurled great stones into the rooms where the men were, and drove everybody within out into the streets. They beat old Brother Jones over the head with a chair leg, and his family had to carry

him away. Then the mob set fire to the house."

"And Brother Jones was very old and very poor!" Lyman exclaimed. "How hardened some men become!"

"I'm lucky compared with some," said Mrs. Wight. "The Jasper family is all broken up. Brother Jasper has been hunting everywhere for his family, and he doesn't know where his wife and some of the children are."

"They're with the Saints I told you of in the next county," broke in Lyman. "I saw Sister Jasper and the children—that is, those she had with her. She's broken-hearted, poor thing, because she doesn't know where her husband is. She thinks the mob killed him."

"Brother Jasper found one of the children 'way up the river with some folks that got across opposite Wilson's store, little Walter it was. You must tell him first thing in the morning where the rest are."

"Goodness knows, though, where they may be tomorrow, or even now. These days—what's that?"

A loud babel of voices broke upon the stillness outside.

"I'll go out and see what it is," Lyman said, at the same time rising from his seat on the ground.

The moment he put his hand beyond the pale of the tent, the whole heavens lighted up with singular suddenness, as if the Last Day had come. People were out—hundreds of them apparently, as Lyman could see by the extreme light, but instead of crying out, as they had been, they all stood gazing skyward intently.

And a magnificent spectacle it was, although in a way terrifying. All the heavens seemed draped in splendid fireworks. The stars in that broad expanse appeared suddenly to have lost their places and

been hurled across the face of the sky. Some of them shot through the air with terrific speed, leaving behind a long trail of light. Then again, there would appear a gigantic band, like the milky way, only broader and clearer in which the stars thick-set like jewels in a ring, would sparkle like drops of water in the sunshine. These, however, would vanish when they approached the ground or were hidden from view by trees. In some instances the trails of light were visible for some seconds. Some of the streaks would curl and twist up like serpents writhing. This was a grand display, and filled the Saints with unspeakable awe. It lasted from about two o'clock in the morning

till it was closed by the dawn.

Lyman Wight, at intervals, went into the tent to describe this great natural phenomenon to his wife.

"It's splendid!" he exclaimed. "Very likely it comes to terrify our enemies and to give us hope."

You could not tell by looking at his face nor by the tone of his voice whether he believed this or not.

"Anyhow," he went on, "it reveals a peculiar state of affairs. You can see all over this part of the river. One would think, if there were a little more order and different kinds of tents, that this was a battle field and that a pitched battle was to be fought on the morrow. Maybe there will be, only it won't be pitched! We'll see!"

### A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER.

By M. A. Stewart.

In youth I kneeled by mother's knee.  
 'Twas there I learned to pray;  
 'Twas her sweet lips that framed for me  
 A prayer that I could say.  
 And as she taught my lips to speak  
 That simple childish prayer,  
 With pride, she kissed my dimpled cheek  
 And smothered my ruffled hair.

Long years have passed away since then;  
 But still her face I see.  
 As dear and sweet, to me, as when  
 I pray'd beside her knee.  
 At night, in dreams, her voice I hear  
 And awaken from my sleep,—  
 I feel her hallowed presence near  
 As she her vigils keep.

Oh Angel! guardian of my youth,—  
 The author of my prayer—  
 Still lead me in the way of truth  
 And keep me safely there.  
 Then when my robes are washed and clean  
 And all my sins forgiven  
 May I come forth and crown thee queen—  
 One of the queens of heav'n.





## The Lost Kitten.

*By Katie Grover.*

"Mamma, mamma, come and look. See who has come to visit me," cried baby Fay rushing in to her mother, and pulling at her skirts all excitement. "Come to the door mamma dearie, and see. Poor little thing wants to come in out of the rain."

Mamma dropped her sewing and followed her little daughter into the hall. Looking in through the screen door was a half-grown kitten, mew-ing plaintively. She was asking just plainly as a cat can ask for admittance into the warm cosy room whose cheerful grate-fire looked so very inviting.

"Do let her in, mamma," begged Fay, looking at mamma with pleading eyes. "Let's 'vite her in out of the rain."

"Yes, that is what she wants," agreed mamma, opening the screen door, whereupon pussy scampered in; and running to the fire-place, shook her damp fur, then with a

cooing, gratified purr, stretched herself out on the warm hearth close to the fire's penetrating heat.

Little Fay snuggled down beside her new-found treasure and stroked and patted the soft-black fur.

"Dear kitty, has you come to stay with me? I guess God sent you 'cause he knew how tired I was of playing with dead things like dolls and teddy bears. You want me get you some nice good milk? All right, I ask mamma."

Mamma had gone back to her sewing, a nightdress which she had promised Fay should be done in time for her to wear that night, so she felt rather inclined to refuse the sweet baby voice, but Fay's sweet "Please mamma," and the soft pat of the baby hand upon her own was irresistible.

"Yes, dear, mother will get the milk for you, then you mustn't bother me any more or your nightie will not get finished to night."

"Is I such a bother, mamma?" questioned Fay, quite soberly, as she followed her mother into the pantry. "My kindergarten teacher told us in Sunday school that we must not bother our mammas, but help them all we could. What can I do, mamma? I don't want to be a bother?"

"You are not a bother, darling," answered her mother, smiling a smile back to the wee upturned face. "You are mamma's dear little sunshine, and you help me very much—you chase all the clouds away. Now here is a saucer of milk for kitty."

"O mamma, couldn't I have just one little other one for me?" she coaxed, clasping her hands gleefully, "so I can keep kitty company same as you sometimes do with peoples. I think it would be so polite, don't you think?"

Mamma sighed, but turned again toward the pantry with a patient smile.

"Why, so it would. I will give you a cup of bread and milk, baby mine, and you can have your supper now instead of later. I will put it on your little table in the kitchen and kitty can have hers right by the side of you. Now have a good time, and I will go finish my sewing before papa comes home."

An hour quickly slipped away, and dusk was coming on before mamma went back to see how Fay and kitty were faring.

The room was so dark and quiet that she stood still and listened with sudden fear; then quickly turning on the light she found baby Fay and kitty both lying fast asleep on the floor, curled up close together, their empty dishes beside them.

Papa came home just then and wished he had a kodak so he could have the pretty picture to keep al-

ways. He lifted Fay into his arms, and carried her to the sitting room couch trying not to rouse her, but baby sat up and rubbed the sleep out of her eyes, and cried out: "O was it only just a dream, just a make-believe? Isn't there any real kitty?"

"Yes, dear, here she comes now," said mamma soothingly. "You were both asleep on the kitchen floor, and papa brought you in here, so kitty followed."

"I guess she missed me, don't you think?" said Fay, smiling happily.

When bedtime came, pussy was put out on the porch in a big box for the night; but she didn't like it at all, and mewed so loud and so piteously, that the sound reached Fay upstairs in her own little bed, and she jumped up and ran to the window over the porch to listen.

"Don't cry kitty," she called, "just go to sleep and soon it will be morning. O papa," turning coaxingly as he came into the room, "please let me have kitty up here with me. She's dreadful lonesome and scared down there."

"Kitty is all right where she is," declared papa, lifting Fay back into bed, "and unless my little girl stays in bed this time and goes to sleep, we shall have to let the kitten go."

This had the desired effect, and little girl was soon in the land of dreams where she remained until early morning. When she awoke her first thought was of kitty; so slipping on the little red felt slippers and red eider gown which lay on the chair by the bed, she ran with all speed down the stairs. Mamma was up before her, however, and in answer to the unspoken question on the child's face assured her that kitty was still there.

Fay ran out on the porch, and kitty me-owed "good morning" and

-whined to be taken out. Fay tried to reach her, but her little arms were too short, so she called to Mamma to come to her assistance.

Just then their attention was drawn to the open doorway, and there on the threshold stood a large handsome gray cat peering in with alert ears and anxious eyes.

"O, another kitty!" exclaimed Fay, "well, I declare, mamma, isn't it just like a fairy story? May I keep them both?"

"I think the big kitty will have something to say about that" said mamma. "Let's see what she wants."

The big cat went straight to the box, and jumped down in and began to lick and fondle the kitten in a most affectionate manner. Finally she seized her by the back of the neck and tried to jump with her, but kitty was too heavy. The old cat me-owed impatiently and looked up with worried eyes to the faces above.

"You naughty thing," sobbed Fay. "Mamma, don't let her bite my poor kitty on the neck like that, she is hurting her."

"Dearie, this must be the kitty's mamma. They always carry their kittens that way. I expect she has been hunting her all night. See how she licks her and purrs over her."

"O mamma, will I have to let her go?" cried Fay in tears. "Can't the old cat find another baby?"

"Do you think I could let my little Fay girl go away with some stranger, and then I find another child which could take your place?"

"No; I should think not," said Fay indignantly, "but do cats care like real people do? There are so many kittens just alike that they could easily get another just like the lost one."

"Each mamma cat knows her own kittens just as each mother hen knows her own chickens, and just as each mother knows her own children. Now shall we lift the kitten out of the box and let her mamma take her home?"

"Ye—s," faltered Fay who was extremely disappointed, yet whose sympathy for the old cat was also aroused. "She can have her, but I do think she might have let me keep her a little longer. We were going to have so much fun today."

Kitty was lifted out of the box, Fay gave her one last parting squeeze, then sat her down, whereupon the big cat again grasped her fat half-grown baby by the nape of the neck and staggered off down the garden path as fast as her heavy burden would allow.

Fay was so amused in watching the funny way the mother cat had of carrying her kitten that she laughed aloud, then turned to her mamma and asked: "Am I that heavy when you carry me upstairs, mamma? Why doesn't she let her walk? Is it 'cause she is so glad to get her back, and is she afraid she might lose her again?"

"I suppose so," kissing the little upturned face. "If you should get lost from me darling, and I found you again I would be so glad that I would never want to let you out of my sight again."

"But mamma, dearie, I'm never going to run away and get lost from you," declared little Fay shaking her head very positively, and looking earnestly up into her mother's face. "I'm going to mind you, and do just as you say; and mamma I'm going to ask God to send me another kitty—a lost, hungry kitty which has no home nor no mamma. Then I can keep it forever and ever."

## Children of the Mill.

V.

### A FOUR-FOOTED BURGLAR.

"I wonder how Sarah Olsen is?" asked Leah. "She hasn't been down for a long time."

"She's coming down tomorrow to stay three days," said John. "Her father's going to the valley. He was down today and told me to tell you."

Sarah Olsen was about Leah's age, fourteen. She lived up the fork of the canyon with her father and kept house for him. He cut logs for the mill. Sometimes Sarah came down to visit Leah for a few days, and Leah often visited Sarah.

It was very lonely for the girl at her father's cabin, with no one to speak to all day. So you can imagine how glad she was to visit Leah. Mrs. Thomas was very kind to the motherless girl and the children were all very fond of her. So Sarah always had a splendid time when she came to the mill.

Next day she came. She was large for her age and very womanly. Her mother had been dead some years and Sarah had taken her place in the home as well as she could.

The last night of Sarah's visit the children made a big bonfire and baked potatoes. As they sat around it telling stories, Sarah said—

"The bears are very bad up at our cabin. We can't leave anything outside because of them. I often see them around picking berries."

"Aren't you afraid to go away from your cabin alone?" inquired Ada.

"I don't go very far alone. Once I went to get some wild raspberries that grew by a big log; when I looked over it I saw a bear on the other side standing on his hind legs, picking and eating the berries as fast as he could.

"Oh my!" said Ada, "weren't you frightened?"

"Yes, I was. I looked at the bear and the bear looked at me, then we both ran. I ran for the cabin, and I guess the bear ran for his home; for he went up the canyon in a big hurry. They won't often fight unless they're cornered or wounded.

"There's one big bear that comes around oftener than any other. I'm afraid of him. He stole our pig. Father's trying to get a chance to kill him, and if he does I'll send you some of the meat."

"I wish I had as many chances to kill bears as you have," said Sam. "We'd have lots of bear's meat then."

Next day Sarah's father came for her, Leah was going with her for a short visit.

"I'll take some of those books Dr. Anderson sent us," said Leah. "Then when I come back you'll have something to read."

"Be careful, Leah, and don't let a bear eat you up," said Ada.

"I won't," Leah answered as she started off with Sarah and Mr. Olsen. "I'll bring you some raspberries when I come back. Sarah says there's some fine black ones up there."

When his cabin came in view Mr. Olsen said, "The door's all right. I was afraid the bears would rip it open and get in."

The cabin was very neatly made of logs and had a bark roof. Mr. Olsen had cut the bark from the trees in even lengths of about two feet. He turned the smooth inside of the bark up and nailed it on like shingles, but it looked more like a tiled roof than a shingle roof. The door was a large piece of burlap, which could be hooked across from the outside as well as from the inside.

As they drew nearer Sarah said, "Look, father, at the roof, the bark is torn off this side."

They hurried to the cabin, and when Mr. Olsen unhooked the burlap door, what a sight met their eyes.

They stood for several moments speechless. Everything in the cabin was topsy-turvy, and there was a great hole in the roof.

"Just look at my feather bed!" cried Sarah. The tick was torn into strips just about right for carpet rags and the feathers were scattered all over the place. A sack of flour was ripped open in the same way and the flour mixed with the feathers. Mr. Olsen's and Sarah's clothes which hung about the cabin were torn into strips, too.

"Oh, look at your window curtains," said Leah. "And they were so prettv."

Sarah prided herself on her fresh curtains. They were made from a swiss dress her mother brought

from the old country, but now they were nothing but rags.

All the dishes were knocked from the shelves and many of them broken, and even every tin can and every bottle was thrown down.

A molasses jar was smashed and every drop of the molasses licked up.

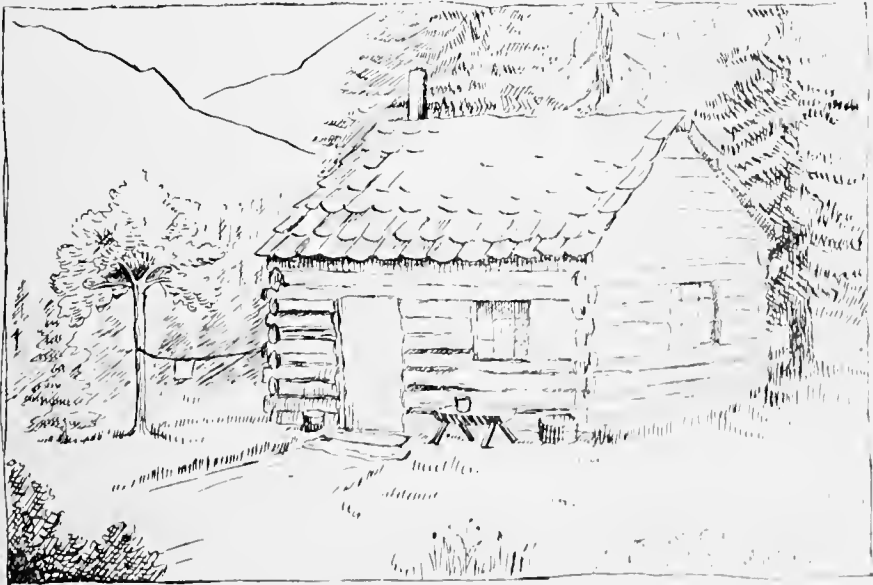
"It was that bear," said Mr. Olsen. "I'll get him yet."

"All the bacon and sugar's gone. It's good we didn't have much," said Sarah.

"It's funnv the bear didn't tear the burlap over the door to get out," said Leah. "He tore everything else that would tear."

"I suppose he thought it was wood, and didn't try," said Sarah. "Oh, what a wretch of a bear. My feather bed is spoiled, my pretty curtains, too, besides all our clothes."

"I'll help you gather up the feathers and you can get a new tick. Mother will help you make some new clothes, I'm sure," said Leah.



OLSEN'S CABIN.

# Mother's Boy.

*By Annie Malin.*

As the new boy walked awkwardly into the school-room, Clara Vane nudged Ada Turner and whispered, "Apollo has come as sure as you live," and Ada tittered audibly. As he took his seat the object of their ridicule caught the sound and saw also the curious stares centered upon him, and his tanned and freckled face flushed crimson. His hands were large and red, "a perfect match for his hair," one girl remarked in a low tone, and his well-worn gray suit was neither a good fit nor of a fashionable cut.

Judged as he was by the majority of the students he was a very ordinary country boy. He had, however, some redeeming features, for his blue eyes were clear and bright, his chin firm and his nose well-shaped, while his expression was frank and pleasant. His figure was undeveloped, but he was tall and looked strong and active.

When questioned by Mr. Ross as to his studies his answers were given in a concise manner while his language, though by no means perfect, was passable.

While some of the girls were sizing up his personal appearance, and pronouncing him shy and awkward, the boys were wondering if he would prove satisfactory in out-door sports. The teacher himself said inwardly, "There is good material there or I am much mistaken."

The boy, whose name was Willard Brown, had come from a nearby town to take advantage of the superior training afforded by the High School, in some of the more advanced studies. His father was dead and his mother had managed to save enough money to place him

in the school, while his sister Charlotte, or Lottie, as she was familiarly called, had accompanied him. The brother and sister had taken two small rooms and while he went to school, she was learning dress-making and keeping house for both.

When his sister questioned him about his reception at the school that first day, and of the attitude of the students, Willard's face flushed as he answered her.

"Well, sis," he said ruefully, "they seemed to be taken mightily with my looks, for they stared at me as if I were some curious animal escaped from a menagerie," and at the remembrance of his awkwardness and the titters of the girls he graphically described to his sister, he laughed, while Lottie, though joining in the laugh, wondered if it were quite natural.

She then described her own experience during the day and soon they were laughing again, for they had made up their minds to take everything good-naturedly, and to do their very best to improve the time they had each worked hard to deserve.

"There's one thing," said the boy, as he sat down to enjoy the supper Lottie had prepared. "I've got you to come home to, and that's a whole lot better than boarding with strangers."

"Yes," she answered, cheerfully, "and we've got mother to go home to at vacation time, and if we work faithfully and get along well, she will be so pleased."

Willard soon lost much of his awkwardness and a great deal of his color, and though 'Apollo' he

still remained to the girls he proved to be quite a favorite with the boys. Mr. Ross took special pains to encourage him in his studies, and in some lines he proved to be far ahead of the majority of his class-mates. In the out-door sports he stood well with the boys, being strong and active. Gradually the boys formed the habit of dropping in at his rooms and Lottie made them welcome, often treating them to her home-made tarts and dough-nuts and to the apples and other good things which were sent to them from the farm.

Lottie could sing old-fashioned airs by the dozen, to the accompaniment of the old organ which their landlady kindly left in the room, and often the voices of the boys could be heard joining with hers in old hymns and tunes, of a Sunday evening. In fact, this simple country boy and his sister wielded an influence for good among all with whom they came in contact.

Hating underhanded methods of any description, Willard's example was good. One day on the ball field he noticed one of the boys cheating and quietly advised him to obey the rules. The other boy promptly called him an insulting name, and after a few words, offered to thrash him. Willard refused point blank to fight, and was called a coward, and sissy, mother's baby, until some of his most intimate friends among the boys advised him to "teach Thomas a lesson." Notwithstanding all this he refused firmly, and finally turned away, saying quietly, "I promised my mother to keep out of all fights, and while I am no coward, I intend to keep my word." He left the field with his friends, but while some agreed with him, others felt that Thomas deserved a thrashing.

The next morning, when he joined the other boys one of them was heard to say, "There comes

'Mother's boy,' " and Willard's face flushed angrily.

"Never mind, Will," said Lottie, when he told her of the incident, "it certainly requires more courage to refuse than to have given him what he deserved, and just think how mother would feel if you broke your word to her, and besides, you might get suspended, for it is against the rules of the school to fight."

By this time Willard was looked upon as one of the best students in the school, and when Christmas came there was a marked improvement in his manners and appearance. When they went home to the farm to spend their vacation one of the younger boys whose home was far away, was, to his joy, invited to go with them and his reports of the pleasures of country life were received with interest by his friends."

"If you fellows knew Will's mother," he told them, "you would not wonder that he keeps his word to her, the nicest woman you can imagine, and so proud of Will. She thinks him good enough to be President of the United States."

One Saturday afternoon near the end of school a game of baseball was to be played with a rival school and all of the High school students were out to watch the contest. Among the girls was Lottie Brown, who was eager to see her brother, who was conceded to be one of the best players on the team, show his prowess. Mr. Ross stood near her with his wife and child, a little tot of three years, who was playing happily with a little friend. Joe Thomas, the boy who had called Willard Brown a coward, had driven to the field behind a spirited horse, attached to a light buggy, and had drawn up close to the side of the road. His companion was the girl who had given Willard the name of Apollo. Suddenly the

horse, frightened by a paper which blew across the road in front of him, became unmanageable, and plunged toward the spot occupied by Mr. Ross and his party.

The children had wandered a short distance away, and the frightened crowd held its breath as the horse dashed toward them. Joe Thomas was unable to check it, but pulled with all his might. With a rush Willard Brown sprang to the rescue. Seizing the animal by the bit he stopped its maddened flight long enough for the teacher to grasp the little ones and get them out of harm's way. The horse was quickly quieted and a cheer for Willard Brown broke from the boys. Mr. Ross held up his hand for attention, as Willard quietly resumed his place in the field and said, "Some time ago, unknown to the boys, I stood near this very same spot, and heard this brave boy called a coward for refusing to fight a boy

who had insulted him. His reason was that he had promised his mother not to fight. On several occasions the word was repeated in his hearing and I have honored him for the self-control manifested. Today he has probably saved the lives of these two babies, but though one is my own child, I do not admit the courage exhibited today was greater than that manifested when he said, 'I promised my mother I would not fight, and I will keep my promise.' A boy who can control his temper on such provocation is to my mind as much of a hero as he who risks his life, and I am proud to think that Willard Brown is a member of our school, and hope others will strive to emulate his noble example."

As the rival team came in sight another cheer was given with a will, and this time it was led by the voice of Joe Thomas, who shouted, "Three cheers for Mother's boy."

## A Prayer.

*By Maud Baggarley.*

Grant thy child, O Lord, I pray,  
Strength to walk the thorny way,  
To love the flowers, sky and sun,  
To count them blessings, every one—  
And yet when life brings darkest days  
Still to sing on a song of praise.

*Written for the Juvenile.*



## The Extremes.

A VISIT TO AN INDIAN AGENCY.

By *Almeda Perry.*

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are now in the presence of 'The Great Natural Wonder,'" cried our driver jocularly as with a great jingling of sleighbells he drew up his steaming and prancing horses by the side of a rude tepee, made by standing three crooked knotty poles in a slanting position and throwing over them a ragged piece of canvas. Under this scanty shelter, huddled over a sort of fire composed of two smouldering sticks, was a creature that seemed less human than beast. Over him was a blanket, not more than a yard square, leaving only the head and two bare feet exposed. The head was covered with a ragged growth of coarse black hair, thin, short, and very uneven on top, but longer around the back, and so matted that it looked like thick black cords. He had the prominent cheek bones and flat nose of the Indian; but the skin, grimy with filth and smoke, looked like the skin of a very dirty negro. He wore a shaggy mustache that completely covered his mouth, and a very scraggly beard. The feet were peculiarly rounded, with unusually short toes, the whole resembling somewhat the foot of a bear. One of our party, a member of the Indian Service, pulled down the blanket, and there the creature huddled absolutely naked, except for a piece of old undershirt which partly covered one shoulder and the upper part of the arm; the skin looked very much like that of an elephant, with thick callouses on the more exposed parts. This might not be considered a wholly uncon-

fortable costume, and his dwelling might not be altogether inappropriate for a hot summer day; but for a day in mid winter, when we were glad to snuggle down into our furs and the warm rugs of the sleigh, both costume and habitation seemed wholly inadequate to keep life in the huddled creature who knew no other clothing, no other home.

The only evidence he gave of knowing that we were in his neighborhood was an occasional slow, dull, turning of the eyes in our direction. At the suggestion of the member of the Indian Service, one of our party threw down a coin in front of the tepee; the creature seemed to know what that meant, he quickly scrambled out, picked up the coin, then huddled down in precisely the same position as before.

We had now seen quite as much as we cared to of the "Crazy Ute;" so, with a merry jingling of sleighbells, we drove away.

About the Indian Agency there are several stories circulated as to the cause of this peculiar case of insanity. One is that when a very young man, this Ute, through some horrible mistake, killed his own mother. Horror and remorse for what he had done unbinged his reason; all love of the chase, of rounding up the fleet footed ponies went from him. He fell into a melancholy brooding, from which his friends were unable to rouse him. His relatives brought him scraps of food,—old bones, and other refuse; gradually his clothes dropped off him, or were burned off as he

huddled by his fire, and when new ones were put on him, they were in turn burned off, until now there was very little effort made to keep him clothed.



THE INDIAN.

A second legend is to the effect that the "Crazy Ute" was once a haughty brave, educated at one of the leading Indian schools of the country; that he fell in love with a charming white girl who was kind to him. She, of course, did not return his love, and repelled all his advances. In desperation he kidnapped the lady of his choice, and fled with her to California. The dark-skinned Lochinvar was pursued, and captured; the lady was restored to her family, and the young brave was severely whipped. Sorrow over the rude awakening from his love dream, and the humiliation of the whipping, broke the proud spirit of the Indian, and he was not long in deteriorating into the huddled shape we saw that day.

Provo Dick, brother of the crazy Indian, has learned that he has a

very valuable asset in the form of his unfortunate brother. Everyone who visits in the neighborhood of the Indian Agency wants to see the "Crazy Ute," so whenever Dick or his wife sees anyone going in that direction, one or the other goes out and demands money, usually attempting to exact fifty cents from each visitor. They have also taught the "Crazy Ute" himself to take money if it is offered to him, then as soon as the visitors leave, Dick or his wife goes down to the tepee after the money.

Returning to the Agency we called at the Indian Schools, and were shown through the buildings by the superintendent. Nearly all the children were at church,—it was Sunday morning—but we were shown through sleeping apartments where the little white beds stood in neat rows; through dressing rooms where each child's locker stood properly labeled with the child's name, and where the week day clothing was neatly put away ready for Monday morning. In the school rooms we were shown some work which compared very creditably with the work done by white children in our public schools. We were also shown the neatly equipped kitchens and laundry, where, we were told, the Indian children did all the work. They are also taught to care for their own beds and clothing, so that when they leave school they are fully capable of doing for themselves all that white children who have the advantage of home life are taught to do.

After our tour of the buildings we were delightfully entertained in the apartments of the superintendent and his wife. The superintendent is said to be one quarter Indian, and his wife one half. They are both college bred, and are thoroughly cultured and refined, indeed,

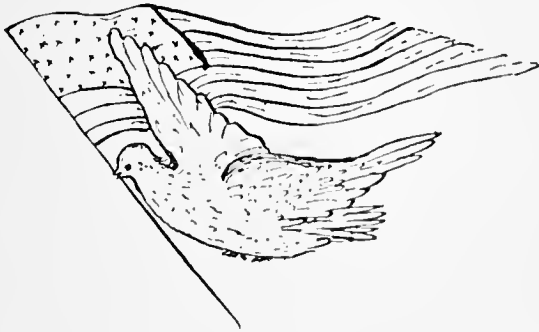
it has seldom been my good fortune to meet people with so great a charm of manner. The lady is a musician, and plays with equal grace and ease both the violin and the piano. She very graciously entertained us by playing selections from Mozart and Beethoven as well as from some of the later composers, notably several of Holst's best compositions. She is a writer of no little ability I am told by those who know her well, and has had stories and articles accepted by the leading magazines of the country. On very good authority I learn that she created quite a sensation in London a few years ago, because of her culture and grace of manner.

The apartments in which we were received formed a most appropriate setting for the charming host and hostess. There was an office, large, airy, well equipped; then the comfortable living room, with handsome Navajo blankets for rugs and couch covers; a fine upright piano occupied a little alcove; a little tea-table with dainty china was directly opposite. About the

room were "comfy" lounging chairs, and convenient footstools; the walls were done in solid, restful colors, and were tastefully decorated with pictures and a few souvenirs of the Agency in the shape of Indian bead and shell work; near the book case hung a tennis racquet; through the archway at the back of the room one caught a glimpse of a daintily appointed bedroom.

As we sat chatting pleasantly with our host and hostess the children came filing past on their way from church. Demure little dusky maidens tripped along under the watchful eye of a spectacled school teacher; fat little boys trooped along proud of the fancy braid on their uniforms, and nearly all glanced up shyly at the superintendent's windows as they passed.

When we had said good-bye to our pleasant entertainers and were strolling thoughtfully down the snowy street, one of the party remarked, "Is it not strange that one may meet such great extremes within so small a radius?"



# EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - - JULY, 1909

## Preparations for the Observance of the Sabbath.

Saturday evening is the culmination of the lives of most men and women of a strenuous week of active life. In this age, there is a constantly increasing devotion to the material things of this world. If, then, we become not absorbed in our struggle for material existence, it is because we place ourselves outside the beaten road of human endeavor and devote some of our thoughts, our feelings, and

our time to the spiritual life that may be, even now, struggling for an existence within us.

It would seem to be the most logical thing in the world to make Saturday a day for the gradual relief of the tension and activity of the week, that we might approach calmly the devotion and rest that belong to the Sabbath day. The home and the place of business make the day preceding the Sabbath a day of strenuous work, a day so exhausting to human energy that the Saturday, too often, absorbs our energies to such an extent as to make the Sabbath not a day of sacred rest, but merely a day for recovering lost energies wasted in over-exertion. A good modern eighth commandment might read something like this:

Do not so over-work and fret on Saturday as to deprive the Sabbath of the devotions and worship that belong to it as a day of rest.

In the home, Saturday is the day set apart for housecleaning, for extra cooking, for mending and all sorts of repairs that the Sabbath is thought to require. In business, Saturday is a day for picking up all loose ends, for closing up all the unfinished details of a week's work.

The consequences of our modern treatment of the last day of the week are too often manifested in an indolence and supine indifference that make our feelings and a total lack of energy almost incompatible with the spirit of worship. No worn out man or woman, by the excessive toil of an early Saturday morning and a late Saturday night, can properly worship God in spirit and in truth.

It is a healthful sign of the times when the bishops of wards establish as a rule that home amusements, such as dances and concerts should be held on some other night than Saturday. The night, as well as the day, preceding the Sabbath should be passed with some reference to the duties and obligations of the Sabbath. God's command to work must be kept with respect to that other great commandment. "Honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy." There is really no reason why a week of labor should culminate in such excesses as to rob the Sabbath day of its rights. There is no reason why much of the work that is now set apart for Saturday might not be assigned to some other day of the week.

Not long since, a store manager said to a clerk "This is Saturday and you will be expected to stay at your post until 10 o'clock tonight. The trade demands that we keep open late. Tomorrow is Sunday and you can rest up." Now the fact is that Sunday has not been set apart by divine command as a day on which the sons and daughters of God may simply "rest up." In too many homes the strenuous ending of the week's work is followed by the late hours indulged in sleep on the Sabbath morning.

True, Sunday is a day of rest, a change from the ordinary occupations of the week, but it is more than that. It is a day of worship, a day in which the spiritual life of man may be enriched. A day of indolence, a day of physical recuperations is too often a very different thing from the God-ordained day of rest. Physical exhaustion and indolence are incompatible with a spirit of worship. A proper observance of the duties and devotions of the Sabbath day will, by its change and its spiritual life, give the

best rest that man can enjoy on the Sabbath day.

Saturday evening may be wisely set apart as a time for thoughtful conversation or helpful reading as an introduction to the Sabbath day.

*Joseph F. Smith.*

### The Work of Holding.

It is unquestionably true that the success of the Sunday-school depends, to a large extent, upon the quality of work done by the teacher in the class-room. It is the custom now-a-days to hold the Sunday-school for two hours. At least half that time, and very often two-thirds of that time, is spent in the class-room. There the Sunday-school teacher becomes intimately acquainted with the Sunday-school pupils. There is centered the interest of the pupils—or there the interest is stifled. The general exercises in the assembly room are only of general interest, while the work in the class-room is of individual interest.

The work of holding in the Sunday-school the pupils who are now enrolled there, becomes then mainly the work of the teacher. What is meant by "the work of holding" is evident enough. It is the making the work of the class-room so thoroughly worth while and so interesting, that every pupil who is forced to be absent, if only for one Sunday, shall feel it an irretrievable loss,—so interesting and entertaining that not only shall those already enrolled continue in faithful attendance, but others shall be drawn to the class as by a magnet. When teachers have made their classes so much worth while and so interesting, then they have accomplished the work of holding.

Now, what does the work of holding involve? What does it re-

quire of the Sunday-school teacher? Many things; but most of all these:—thorough preparation; grasp and variety of method; intimate knowledge of pupils; prayerful industry. Concerning preparation so much has already been spoken and written that little more can be said. Yet, thorough self-preparation is the first essential in the work of successful holding. Sunday-school teachers cannot possibly hope to do better than day-school teachers whose profession is teaching. Yet, no thorough, successful day-school teacher would think of appearing before his class without first going over the lesson himself and arranging the details in his mind, and that, too, no matter how many times he has already presented the work.

To achieve success in the work of holding others, then, begin with yourself. Think about your Sunday-school work, prepare it carefully, prayerfully master the lesson, and arrange every detail in your mind before you appear before the class.

### On Enlistment.

The recommendation made by the General Board, concerning the enlistment of the unenrolled, proposed that a careful canvas of each ward should be made and the names listed of all members of the Church between the ages of four (4) and twenty (20) inclusive. Then these names thus listed should be compared with the rolls of the Sunday School, and any not found enrolled, be placed on a roll to be kept for that purpose, and divided into departments, according to age. It was suggested that the teachers of the departments take the names of the unenrolled of all persons who belong to their respective departments, and visit these

children in their homes. This missionary work was to be done under the direction of a member of the ward superintendency. In some cases where an entire family has moved into the ward, a special committee should be sent by the enlistment officer to visit the family and invite them to come, rather than to send a representative from every department to such a family. Care should be exercised always to meet newcomers and welcome them to the class and to the Sunday School. A regular report of the work of those engaged in enlistment should be made at the preparation meeting of the ward Sunday School, and the ward officer in charge of the enlistment should make a report at every Union meeting to the member of the stake superintendency having charge of the enlistment work in the stake. Once every quarter a report is requested from the stake enlistment officer to the General Board.

An invitation is constantly extended to the parents to attend whenever possible the sessions of the parents' department. A vast amount of good has been done in this enlistment work during the past year, as evidenced by the growth of the membership in the Sunday Schools. This growth last year was about ten thousand.

The work of the enlistment officer is like that of any other officer in the Sunday School, continuous. Newcomers will constantly be found in every ward, and besides this, the children who are becoming of Sunday School age furnish recruits that must be looked after. Oftentimes, those who do not attend are most in need of religious instructions. Labors with those of Sunday School age who do not attend should only cease when the parties visited positively refuse to come, die or remove from the ward.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

## Local Board Meetings.

Paper read before the Superintendents' Department of the Juarez Stake Sunday School Convention.

It is fitting that we meet together as often as practicable to discuss the various phases of Sunday-school work.

We need to harmonize our feelings, to unify our efforts, to improve our work; and these occasions should help us to do so. They afford an opportunity, too, for greetings, for encouragement and for instruction.

Because of present local needs, possibly, it has been suggested that the time allotted to this paper be devoted to a discussion of the Local Board Meetings, which are so essential to the efficiency of the schools.

These meetings are of three distinct classes, held at regularly appointed hours, for entirely different purposes. They are:—(1) The monthly report meetings; (2) The preliminary prayer meetings; (3) The weekly preparation meetings. Whether this numbering of the meetings is in the order of their importance is not material. If either is neglected or allowed to wane the school suffers.

1. The monthly report meetings are of the utmost importance and should be made occasions of very great profit to the school. Reports should be had from every department, and they should cover every phase of Sunday School work. Thus may the superintendency and Board become familiar with the true condi-

tions—the inner workings—of the school, and the wisdom of all may be brought to bear for the correction of evils and the inauguration of improvements.

But some officer may say: "What can I report, I can't see what I could report." Report your work—what you are doing in your department, and the conditions of the department—everything. If you will begin to stir up your brains to ascertain what to report, you will probably find many things which ought to be done.

For example: let the Secretary report the officers' and teachers' attendance record; their punctuality record; their preparation record, etc. Is the historical record and the minute record properly filled out to date? If there are wanting important historical data in the early records of the school, the secretary should get from the old settlers, the ward records and other available sources, the best information obtainable, which should be entered upon the records—as information, when, where and how obtained—that the historical record of our schools may be as complete as possible.

The treasurer should report the funds on hand at last meeting. Receipts; from what sources. Disbursements; for what purposes. Balance in treasury.

The librarian's report should include the number of books in the library; their classification; the method of distributing them in the departments; their care; their collection; the needs of the library; other matters.

Let the chorister and organist report the singing (and the singers), the rehearsals, and practices, the music, the marching, the needs of the department.

Each department, class and section should be reported by the respective teachers on (a) enrollment, enlistment work, average attendance, punctuality, and preparation; (b) how do you meet the children? How do you receive them on the Sunday morning? What is their attitude toward you? Toward the school? their behavior in school? Have the absentees valid excuses? Do you visit them? (c) the class-work, the general aim of your work, the particular aim for each Sunday of the past month; the results, particularly the results in faith and good conduct. Report other conditions and ask questions.

But this is not all. It is not sufficient that we have had complete reports from all the departments. As suggested above, all the reports should be fully discussed and suggestions freely offered by all, with a view to mutual helpfulness.

Thus these occasions afford to the wise superintendency an incomparable opportunity to utilize the ability of all for the advancement of the work in the departments and for the good of the whole school.

These meetings are also the proper places for instruction and the transaction of business. Every officer and teacher should be in attendance.

2. The Prayer Meeting. One of the evidences of a good Sunday School is a well attended, spirited preliminary prayer meeting on the Sunday morning.

These meetings should be held in a convenient place, if possible away from all interruption or disturbance, and at an hour sufficiently early that

the exercises need not be rushed nor slighted, and sufficiently early also that the teachers may return to their places in time to welcome the children as they arrive.

A few moments might be devoted to greetings and fellowship, and all should be made to feel comfortable and restful. Nothing irrelevant should be introduced to mar the devotion of the occasion. After the necessary formality of calling the roll, a brief song of praise would be a pleasing feature if the conditions are favorable.

Then follows an earnest prayer which should be seasonable and appropriate—fitting to the occasion and to the conditions—free from formality and full of faith and childlike confidence.

If we can tell the Lord that we have done our utmost gladly to make this day an occasion of spiritual growth to the children, to instil into their hearts faith and a love for the Lord; but feeling how inadequate are all our efforts without the Holy Spirit's aid we have now come before Him to invoke the Divine blessing upon us and upon the children in our work this day, etc.,—if we can do this conscientiously the Lord will hear us and He will not withhold His blessings.

This is the Lord's work; we are in His service. He is as much interested in our work as we can possibly be, and He is anxious to help and direct us. And if we seek Him aright He will help us to become profitable servants.

This meeting is not a time for instruction or the transaction of business; but the memory exercise for the day might properly be recited, and a few words from the superintendent by way of encouragement and appreciation—an answer to a question, a helpful sug-



gestion—might not be out of place; then all return to their places warmed with the heavenly influence and thankful that they are called to this labor of love. And the children as they grasp their teachers' hands partake of this influence also, and thus the good Spirit permeates the whole school.

3. The preparation meetings should be held of course weekly, preferably about the middle of the week to give time after the meeting for a few finishing touches to the preparation before the Sunday morning. These meetings are for the purpose of co-operating in the preparation of the weekly lessons, and they should be occasions for work. Trifling in these meetings is sure indication of indifferent work in the school.

The opening exercises are brief, appropriate, spirited. Pressing business is transacted, and pertinent and well-timed instructions given. But these meetings are primarily for preparation, and all separate to their respective departments, save only the superintendency who meet at another time in council meeting that they may be at liberty here to note the work being done in the various departments, and to supervise it.

The preparation of a lesson should begin at least three weeks in advance, and should be carried forward through four successive stages, viz., (a) Selection of the aim. (b) Accumulation and selection of material, and preparing provisional outline. (c) Concurrence of the several outlines. (d) Presentation.

a. If the aim has not already been selected by the Stake Board, a brief preview should be given of the next lesson (the lesson for the third Sunday hence), to aid the teachers in selecting a suitable aim

—suitable to the text of the lesson, suitable to the plans of the teachers, suitable to the needs and capacities of the children. A few suggestions here from the head teacher might be materially helpful in the week's home study-work.

b. The second step is entirely individual home study-work, which the teacher begins by gathering all the facts and references—scriptural, chronological, geographical, historical, biographical, social, literary—within her reach pertaining to the lesson, and then to develop the particular aim chosen and to impress the aim upon the minds and the lives of the children. These are now reduced to a carefully written outline.

c. Thus each teacher has come to the meeting with her individual outline of the lesson for two Sundays hence. These provisional outlines are given careful study and from the best points of each a composite outline is concurred in, which all will prepare and a teacher will be chosen to present the lesson according to this new outline. Great care should be exercised by the head teacher that in remodeling the outlines, the inexperienced teachers do not become discouraged with their seemingly poor work. Their efforts should receive due appreciation.

d. The Presentation is an essential element of preparation though a very commonly neglected one. A large portion, possibly the major portion, of the time of these meetings should be devoted to methods of presentation. A pile of hard facts hurled promiscuously at the children may be neither inspiring nor convincing. Our lessons should be made to appeal to the hearts and to the judgment of the children.

Much good may be derived from talks and general discussions of methods, but as we "Learn to do by doing" nothing could be more profitable possibly than the presentation of the lesson in the department, at least occasionally, followed by free and friendly discussion. This discussion should be prompted by a most kindly and generous spirit, not with a view to picking flaws, but with loving helpfulness that will leave no sting.

The teacher must keep in mind throughout the presentation, the aim of the lesson and the needs and capacities of the children, and she must be so familiar with her outlines that she can dispense with them entirely, as well as with all text-books and memorand. The friendly criticism will bear upon the foregoing and upon the following points: The lesson setting; the review; the development of the aim; the illustrations; the enforcement; the application; the assignment.

Perhaps the most convenient and natural order of business in the departments, after the preliminaries, would be: First, the presentation of the next Sunday's lesson; second, the consideration of the provisional outlines for the lesson a week hence; third, the selection of the aim for the third Sunday following.

When there is a fifth Sunday in the month, and the class is up with the outlines, a new aim should be selected from the leading facts of the three previous lessons. Then this new lesson should be prepared in just the same way as the regularly outlined lesson.

Then there is the Fast Day. Profitable Fast Day exercises should be the goal of the whole month's work. Who has not heard a teacher say, "Well, next Sunday is Fast

Day so I don't have to prepare." And who has not witnessed the indifferent, spiritless, profitless Fast Day exercises that result from this practice.

The preparation of the Fast Day lesson should be even more painstaking and thorough than the outlined weekly lesson. Like the regular preparation it should go forward through the four stages previously enumerated with some variations to suit the changed conditions.

From the selection of the aim of the first lesson in the month to the application of the last one, all our efforts should be devoted to implanting the seeds of faith in the hearts of the children. And the Fast Day exercise is a test of the efficiency of our work.

In the classes, a preliminary test might profitably be made each Sunday. After the illustrations are given, the teacher might ask, "Does any boy or girl know any incident that would prove the truth of this lesson?" This practice would eventually bring out many profitable incidents, and it would promote thought and interest and faith; and it would enable the teacher to ascertain whether the children rightly apprehend the principles she has been teaching them.

After one or two of the children have related incidents preferably from their own experience or the experiences of their parents or acquaintances, the teacher might ask, "Now, how many more know similar incidents they would like to relate?" "That's good. We haven't time for any more today but we want to hear from all of you on Fast Day. So all come on Fast Day prepared to tell us everything you can think of that makes you know

that this lesson—this principle—is true.”

Then the next Sunday there will be a repetition of this practice with another lesson and another aim, and the next with another, so that on Fast Day the children may come with many faith-promoting incidents corroborative of the truths they have been taught, and the Fast Day session will then become a delightful and profitable occasion.

If the weekly aims have been happily chosen, and properly developed before the class, there will be little need for the selection of an abstract “Topic” for the Fast Day exercises which practice has resulted in so much profitless work, but the seeds of faith will have been implanted in the hearts of the children, under auspices favorable to growth and ultimate fruition.

Evidences of a truth or of a desired good constitute the seeds of faith; a statement of the foundation of a belief constitutes a testimony; a well-grounded conviction that influences the actions and becomes a rule of life, constitutes faith; spiritual gifts are the fruits of faith.

If the seeds are planted in warm, moist, mellow soil; if they begin to swell and germinate; if the roots strike into the earth and the plants lift their heads toward heaven; and if the buds and flowers develop, we may confidently expect a harvest that will comfort, feed and enrich the soul.

As the children begin to pluck the early fruits of this planting—a prompting, a warning, a manifest answer to prayer—their faith is confirmed, and nothing could be more grateful to the heart of a faithful teacher, nor more profitable to the class, than the bearing of such testimonies; and abundant op-

portunity should be given for spontaneous testimony bearing.

But the children should not be encouraged to bear testimony of miraculous manifestations as a foundation of their belief. “Seek no crop where ’twas not planted.” Let us not seek for spiritual gifts where the seeds of faith have not been carefully sown. Such training is worse than useless, it is positively hurtful. Signs follow faith as fruitage follows flowers.

We must learn our duties and do them. Lack of faith in the hearts of the children as they grow up is a reproach to us. If for example, a gardener should plant his seed in the cold, hard ground, or scatter them upon the surface where they might not germinate, or suffer the young plants to die for want of moisture, or allow the weeds to choke them; it would be of little avail for him to declare that he did the best he knew.

So must we learn to be skillful in this garden of the Lord. “Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.”

Let us co-operate zealously in the preparation of the subject matter and the manner of presentation; get our spirits attuned to the divine harmony; fill our minds with testimonies and our hearts with love; then let the Holy Spirit guide.

### Choristers and Organists.

“TWO PART AND FOUR PART SINGING.”

*By Joseph Ballantyne.*

It seems to me that to properly treat the subject in hand, it should be arranged under three general heads:—

1st. *Purpose and value of music.*

2nd. *Can music properly perform its mission unless used in parts.*

3rd. *Practicability of doing two and four part singing in our Sunday Schools.*

The primary purpose of all music in our religious gatherings, is to educate our feelings through an appeal to the emotions. Music is no more considered a luxury for the few but a form of art which may be enjoyed by the many.

Music is neither moral nor immoral, and only becomes so by association, but its influence and power for moral development in our Sunday Schools, associated as it is by every healthful environment, cannot be over-estimated.

The purpose of all our religious teaching is to impress us with a higher sense of duty, right living and noble action. It is the ideals a people form of right living that is the essence of their religion. Music is a powerful factor in arousing these feelings within us.

"From the time when the Master sang a hymn with His disciples, at the close of the last supper, up to the present day, music has been a most powerful aid in Christianity; in every occasion of sorrowing or rejoicing, music has its share in endless variety, from the simplest children's hymn, to the epassion music of Bach," all tending to arouse our noblest feelings and stimulate within us a more determined effort for right living.

Music is the universal language of mankind, and very few there are who have not the natural endowment for its enjoyment and fewer still who cannot be moved by its beautiful harmonies: A foreigner may come to our shores not understanding a word of our language—

the sermon may mean nothing to him but the music reaches his heart, for it is the soul's language and is independent of words, "All shades and varieties of emotion are said to be modifications and blendings of the feelings of joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain."

"Poetry, painting and sculpture reach these springs of emotion by presenting definite images to the mind. Music seems to go deeper than they do, because it makes its appeal to the emotions without the need of any concrete intermediary symbols."

Music is no more looked upon as an accomplishment alone, but is an important and indispensable factor in the education of men. The learned Plato contended "that as physical exercises were essential to keep the body healthy, so is music as necessary to keep the soul healthy. That the proper nourishment of the intellect and emotions can no more take place without music, than the proper functions of the blood and the stomach without exercise."

The highest manifestations of the power of music is to stimulate within us that desire and determination for nobler thought and higher ideals of living. Its appeal is first made to the emotional, then to the moral and mental.

*Can music properly perform its mission unless used in parts?*

Every fundamental tone struck or sung gives out a great number of overtones, or harmonics, which serve to reinforce the original tone, adding resonance and consequently additional tonal beauty. In part singing, we are beautifying and reinforcing every part sung in place of a lone melody, the very natural result is manifest in a purer quality and additional volume.

Why are solos in the larger forms for violin, written with piano or orchestral accompaniment? The reason is simple. The violin cannot properly carry the theme and harmonic construction at the same time, consequently the employment of instruments which are capable of giving out these harmonies.

Would it not be absurd to see a great violinist play a concerto independent of piano or orchestra? One would lose much of the import of the composition and be deprived the pleasure of hearing many beautiful tones which otherwise would be lost. Your Sunday School singing in one part is the violin. The employment of part singing will give to the theme that necessary reinforcement which the piano or orchestra adds to the violin solo. Not many soloists would enjoy a public appearance without accompaniment, yet this very help from piano or organ serves to give beauty, color and reinforcement, in quality and volume, to the tones of the singer.

True the organ plays the harmonies in our Sunday School hymns, but against those harmonies have your combined school force singing soprano, and what is the effect? Altogether disproportionate in harmonic effect. Another point, many low voices, male and female, in attempting to sing soprano, not only force their voices, which is quite serious enough, but in this contracted effort emit sounds that are decidedly disagreeable. These unmusical tones destroy the effect of a harmonious whole, which must ever be the ideal. Place the low voices on low parts and the result must be quite opposite.

In our schools we hear parts in a scattered condition, but this divi-

sion of forces cannot fully establish the harmonic construction of the music. It would be an unwise choir director who would permit his members to be seated indiscriminately without any thought of parts. He would predispose his choir against him, and would absolutely fail in results, because the beauty of music depends upon the harmonies employed, and these must be carried on by the voices adapted to each part.

Music may be made a most powerful factor in moral development, but it is an absolute truth, that the power it exerts for good is determined by the character and beauty of the music given. We could not expect to make a strong appeal with a succession of discords played in broken time. Good music will bring like results, while discordant, harsh harmonies reverse the machinery, stifling the spiritual sentiment that otherwise would be aroused.

From the foregoing these conclusions follow:—

(1) The mission of music in Sunday School is to appeal to the moral and mental through the emotional, persuading us to higher and nobler deeds of righteousness.

(2) This appeal cannot be successfully made unless the music is beautiful in character.

(3) Music cannot be made essentially beautiful unless part singing is done.

*Practicability of doing two and four part singing in Sunday School. Two part singing.*

Practical two part singing in Sunday School can only be made effective by children with unchanged voices. This confines it entirely to the lower departments. My position is this—that the Kindergarten, Primary, and possibly the intermediate department "B"

—should have separate rooms for opening exercises, entirely apart from the main room, in other words, have their own little Sunday School where every exercise could be simplified and adapted to the age of the child. In many schools of the Church this may seem to be impracticable because of the lack of facilities—some schools having but one room in which to meet. In such cases rooms in private houses could be used until proper facilities be had. It is true, however, that in most wards of the Church efforts have, or will be, made to supply rooms for separate class exercises, so that in time this difficulty will be met.

I apprehend, were these children housed in separate rooms, there would be little or no opposition to doing two part singing. The principal objections advanced are these:—1st, that the authorities prefer to see the children in the main room to partake of the spirit of the whole. 2nd, that it is an inspiration to see so many children in one compact body. Are these reasons well founded?

Is there an exercise from the beginning of the school until the dispersing for class work that can possibly appeal to children of kindergarten age? And what is said of the kindergarten will correspondingly apply to the other departments mentioned. The minutes cannot interest them. The songs are usually beyond their capabilities to render. The roll call is dry. The prayer is wholly beyond their conception, and the singing practice a pitiable manifestation of poor judgment, so far as it benefits or influences the child life.

We have these children for the sole purpose of developing their spiritual and moral natures, and

how much do these exercises aid in the accomplishment of this purpose? In my judgment, it is a reversal of the natural principles of pedagogy. The child feeds only upon that which interests him, and cannot possibly drink in and make a part of his life, that which does not arouse his interest. Every exercise mentioned could be made so simple, and profitable were the children by themselves, that the good results would be immeasurable.

We must put away sentimentality and view these problems from the most natural standpoint, always having in mind the interest of the child. Personally, I am opposed to two part singing in the kindergarten department, feeling that here is the place to develop individuality in carrying the theme. Two part singing should begin with the Primary department.

#### *Four part singing.*

In every Sunday School in the Church there is material for four part singing. In very few indeed is this material being profitably used.

Should the ideal be strictly adhered to in having one and two part singing by the lower grades, what will be done musically with these children when promoted to the main department of the school? Will they be permitted to sit promiscuously and sing whatever part they choose, regardless of voice capabilities? It would be a sad condition indeed to give them the preparatory training in the lower departments, where the individuality of carrying parts had been developed, and then undo it all by not having a systematic graduation of parts. Until about the age of fourteen, boys should sing soprano and alto. At this important time the larynx en-

larges and the vocal bands become longer and thicker, producing a change which makes of the boy's a man's voice.

These boys should no more try to sing soprano and alto (many of them do to their injury) but should be placed with the Bass and Tenor according to the voice. I am sure that many voices have been impaired, and boys have inherited a dislike for music because of the lack of proper guidance at this critical time. I will pass over some of the objections urged against four part singing in Sunday Schools, such as these: "It interferes with the marching." Classes may have to be separated until adjournment for class work" etc., and speak of what seems to me to be the only valid one, *the incapable chorister*.

It is just as practicable for a competent chorister to do four part singing in Sunday School, as in the ward or stake choir. True the parts are not always as well balanced, but give the weak parts the favorable position in the school, and this difficulty will be partially overcome. It takes a resourceful leader to interest the entire school, but it is this very condition which must be met. It is also true that an incapable chorister cannot interest the school in one part, and is an obstacle in the way of promoting any degree of musical interest.

The remedy for this condition, in my judgment, is the establishment of choristers' training classes where instruction in the principles of sight singing and conducting may be had. The Church schools would be an ideal place to carry on the work.

In stakes where this is not practical, chorister classes could be organized under the direction of the stake Sunday School Chorister.

Four part singing is not a theory impossible of practical demonstration. It has been tried and found to be a living thing, instrumental in performing its mission of maintaining the harmonic structure of the music, and arousing an interest and enthusiasm, which cannot be felt in any other way.

The Sunday School is the garden where buds become fruit. Very slowly and surely, the character of the child is formed "We cannot see the bud unfold, yet we know that tomorrow it will be a rose."

Is our Sunday School music making its just and proportionate contribution toward this end? If not we must apply new methods. Systematic training of men and women to assume these music responsibilities and a graduation of the Sunday School in parts for singing, will be an effectual remedy, and the beneficial results cannot be estimated.

### Notes.

Have you noticed the great amount of literature put out now-a-days for the young? There is a feeling abroad that juvenile literature is more largely needed now than almost any other kind of literature. Consequently the publishers are putting out all kinds of reading for young folks—a veritable flood of juvenile books on all imaginable subjects. Some of these books are very good; some are only indifferently good; and some are decidedly poor. And it is usually very hard for the parent who is looking for suitable reading for his children to determine just which books he ought to buy. Then why not write to the Desert Sunday School Union Book Store for the best titles? We carry a select line of juvenile books—it is our specialty. Write to us.

# Pleasantries.

## A POINT OF VIEW.

The Organ Grinder—"How's business?"

The Scissors Grinder—"Fine! I've never seen it so dull."—*Cleveland Leader*.

## HIS BUSINESS?

Nurse (announcing the expected)—"Professor, it's a little boy."

Professor (absent-mindedly)—"Well, ask him what he wants."—*Boston Transcript*.

## CONSIDERATE.

"How do you tell bad eggs?" queried the young housewife." "I never told any," replied the fresh grocery clerk, "but if I had anything to tell a bad egg I'd break it gently."—*Christian Guardian*.

## LETTING THE CAT OUT.

"Say, grandpa, make a noise like a frog," coaxed little Tommv.

"What for, my son?"

"Why, papa says that when you croak we'll get five thousand dollars."—*Success Magazine*.

## THE NON-SHRINKABLE SHIRT.

Sir Algernon West tells this story, so it must be all right. A working man came home in triumph one day with a flannel shirt, which he said he had bought for 2s, 11d; moreover, it was guaranteed not to shrink. In due course the shirt was sent to and returned from the wash, and next morning the workman put it on. His wife came into the room just as he had done so.

"Ulllo, Bill," said she, "where did you get that new tie?"

A Methodist minister having many years ago been sent as missionary to the Indians, found an old, very old Indian, who could read, to whom he gave a copy of the New Testament. After the noble red man had read it through, he expressed a wish to be baptized. The missionary accordingly procured a bowl of water, and was about to baptize him, when the noble red man asked, "What are you going to do with that?" "Baptize you," replied the clergyman. "No deep enough for Indian; take 'im to river." The missionary explained that "That is not our practice;" to which the noble red person replied: "You give me wrong book; me read 'em through." The ceremony was postponed.—*Harper's Monthly*.

## AGREEABLE TO HIM.

The chief officer of a United States Army recruiting station sat sunning himself in his chair, when a husky, country-appearing youth strolled into the quarters and stood gazing in admiration at the glittering sabers, belts and muskets which adorned the room.

"Well, sir?" spoke up the officer.

"I'd like to join the Army, sir," said the young man, turning toward the speaker.

"Think you'd like army life, my boy?" queried the officer, in a fatherly tone, after a favorable glance over the youthful aspirant's figure.

"I guess so. How much do you pay in the army?"

"Well, a private gets on an average \$14 a month; a lieutenant \$100, a captain \$200, and so on!"

"I'll join," decided the applicant, throwing his cap on the officer's desk. "Put me down for a captain!"



The Dog: I am glad to see that they are beginning to muzzle the men.



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